preached his mission of reform at a time when the national religion had grown cold and formal. We went to the very spot on which the great King Asoka, the Constantine of Buddhism, reared a <e tope/' or commemorative column four miles from Benares. Some controversy has taken place about the date of this memorial, but it is certain that the famous pilgrim Hwang Tseng, who came all the way from China to this holy spot in the seventh century, speaks of a column 100 feet high at Sarnath. It is situated in a landscape of quiet sunny beauty, surrounded by banyans and bamboos, and fields of high corn and gorgeous yellow blossoms like broom, and green Eastern poppies, the same which Buddha saw,

Some of them lie before me now, and they bring back the same sadness which came that brilliant morning in India, as the *ticca gharri* jolted home over the rough country road. It was the very same road on which the multitude thronged to Sarnath 2000 years ago to listen to the words of peace which

fell from
the divine lips of Buddha, and the
road and
the flowers speak of ideals hard for
human
frailty to attain,

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